1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

121 throughout Northern Greece in 1955 and a briefer visit to Attica in 1959
[114] gave me a chance to note the rapid social changes occurring in the places I had come to know well in 1952–53.

The social scientist, if he is to understand the behavior which he studies, not only must observe what is done but also must try to probe the meanings attached by the actors to what they do. Throughout this work, therefore, I have tried to show how the world looks to the Greek villager. I do not necessarily agree with all of his views, but I think that he has the right to be heard. Wherever possible, I have let him speak for himself.

123 Aside from my research activities of the usual type, I also had approaches to the Greeks through the eyes of my wife Margaret who shopped in the Greek market with her Greek neighbors. Through my twelve-year-old daughter Gerda and my ten-year-old son Robert I shared in the wonders of their daily adventures with Greek friends and playmates. I profited by learning about the vicissitudes and the fortitude of our Greek upper-middle-class landlady, who shared her villa with us. The crises attending the succession of maids and laundresses and their husbands opened up avenues for further exploration.

• 124 Too much credit cannot be given to Bessie Adossides, my interpreter, who knew the Greek countryside as though it were her own garden and who could translate into idiomatic English the most important nuances of the spoken lan-
[122] guage. My reading knowledge of modern Greek improved considerably during the year, but time was too brief for me to learn the spoken Greek sufficiently for conducting interviews on my own.

104 In transliterating Greek terms into Latin letters I have approximated the spelling and have not attempted to follow the pronunciation. Those who speak modern Greek will therefore find the transliteration awkward, but those who have studied ancient Greek will find that many words are familiar.

436 Prior to May 1953 the value of the dollar was 15,000 drachmas; after
[652] that date the dollar was worth 30,000 drachmas. On May 1, 1954, the drachma was revalued at 1 to 1,000, so that 30 drachmas were equivalent to a dollar. For that reason, in using all figures prior to 1954 I have given the 1954 value, moving the decimal point to the left three places.

122 Thanks should be given to the Social Science Research Council for a grant to help me with my Balkan studies; to the Associates for International Research, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for extended research and secretarial assistance; to the University of Kentucky and Harvard University for many courtesies shown; and to the American School for Classical Studies in Athens for giving office space to a nonarchaeologist in their richly endowed Gennadion Library.

000 Many individuals have helped me in countless ways. I can only name some of them here to acknowledge my great indebtedness to all. Those listed, of

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

178 241 [434] of Alekos, the first few owners get good income from custom plowing, but with many tractors there is not very much supplementary income to go around. These steel horses in Greece plow more deeply, give more leisure, help spread scientific farming throughout the plains, and service an increasingly larger proportion of the 950,000 farms of the land. But with one tractor to every 70–80 farms, it is not surprising that Yannes, the tobacco grower from Alistrate, still waits for his horse so that he will not have to stand idly by while another finishes plowing a field.

The Harvesters of Chalkidike (Macedonia)

Social changes, and especially those connected with mechanization, frequently wear two faces — one bright, the other dark. In Athens I had heard from fellow Americans about the growing use of machinery, the previously mentioned over-all increase in agricultural production to more than 37 percent above the prewar figure, and the steps being taken to rationalize agriculture to an even greater degree. These programs represented not only heavy investments of dollars and drachmas, but also considerable self-sacrifice on the part of American and Greek staff members with a missionary zeal for their work and a willingness to work overtime. There was no question of the need for Greece to become a part of the scientific revolution in farming, but it was at times perplexing to find that little thought was being given to the social effects of this revolution on the people in the rural areas.

178 241 243 464 Once out in the provinces, away from the bright programs of Athens, I saw the dark face of mechanization. While riding with the director of agriculture of Larissa on the drive previously mentioned, I was somewhat shocked to hear him say that he was glad the recent storm had visited the area.

"Why is that?" I asked. "Doesn't it make it harder to harvest the grain?"

"Yes, that's the point," he replied. "Now it will have to be done by hand in many places, giving work to some of the people from the mountain villages in this area who depend upon the harvesting to earn their supply of wheat for much of the year. Without the bread from this wheat they cannot live."

Again, a nomarch of Thessalonike talked to me of the people displaced by mechanization. He tried to see the good as well as the bad, indicating that machines without any question had raised the yields by putting more land under cultivation and by making better farming methods possible. He, too, however, used much the same words as had the official in Larissa, pointing out that he was glad to see the rains in Macedonia since it meant that harvesting would be done by hand.[a]

243 124 One bright June morning found us in Niketas, a small coastal village in Chalkidike where mechanical threshing was in progress on the edge of the

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Macedonia

village. We hired a caique, with both sails and motor, to take us on the three-hour trip to Neos Marmaras, a picturesque refugee village. Hardly were we aboard when a group of excited peasants came to ask if they could go with us. Our one crewman seemed to have no objection so we told them to join us.

Almost at once these lively individuals explained that they were from the village of Parthenon. They had been spending the past twenty-five days helping the peasants around Niketas harvest their grain and were no longer needed now that threshing had begun. Before talking about their work, however, we had to exchange the rites of hospitality. We had spread out a blanket on which we placed a large piece of bread bought just before departure and a portion of white cheese given me by the teacher in the village. Although the peasants looked thin and hungry, they refused our food. One man, carefully eyeing our bread, said, "Here, take some of my bread; yours isn't well done."

Six or seven of the people of Parthenon, sprawled around the blanket while we ate, tried politely to hide their curiosity. Our lunch finished and the purpose of our trip explained to them several times, it became our turn to ask them questions. We started with a woman in her thirties, a widow. She was dressed in a poor cotton dress, was barefoot, wore a kerchief on her head, but her proud look and direct answers were those of an independent spirit. She was obviously very anxious to get back to Parthenon and several times expressed her gratitude for the lift. "Thank you very much. You have saved us four or five hours of walking on this warm day." She had had to leave her four children at home twenty-five days ago and had had no word from them since then, even though her village was only a relatively few kilometers away. Apparently she had gone on working in the harvest fields for winter bread, clinging to the belief that "no news was good news," but her drawn face showed her long concern: "I left them with only a piece of bread to eat. I don't know how they made out."

"How old are your children?"

"My eldest child is fifteen, the next is eleven, and the other two quite young."

"Does the fifteen-year-old take care of the rest while you are away?"

"He would if he could, but he must look after the cows of my brother who is a soldier, and so the eleven-year-old takes care of the younger two."

We learned that there were some relatives living in the village who probably kept an eye on the youngsters but did not assume full responsibility for them.

We were told that these villagers did not look forward to this trip. It is a trial, an ordeal that must be endured if they are to have any bread, for the men cannot find work in Parthenon that will provide them with money to buy bread.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Macedonia

own tape to measure just how much he had harvested so there was little likelihood that they would be short-changed. "But don't you often work as a group in a field? How do you measure the individual share in that case?" "Then the owner will say that the field is twenty stremmas in size and that he will give so much per person per stremma for doing that field. An agreement is reached and we all get to work." When they return for their wheat they will have to find some way — by donkey and by caique — of getting it back to their village on the heights overlooking the sea.

It seems that the people of Parthenon do not follow any set pattern in late May or early June when they go to help with the harvest. Individuals or small family groups are independently "on their own"; they go wherever there seems to be a demand for their services; and each individual, a woman as well as a man, is entitled to keep or dispose of the grain earned as he sees fit. In some mountain villages where there are many unmarried girls they often are sent by the families to do this work and are expected to bring back their earnings to the family. Groups of such young people always have a festival air lacking when the middle-aged people have to leave their home village and put in long hours in the field. "We also work with the moon," interjected one of the women who had said little up to that point, indicating that working hours were not from sun to sun but went on far into the night as long as people could see. And light was necessary, for there was danger of accident when wielding the razor-sharp sickles which each worker provided for himself.

There was a crescendo of excitement as we approached Neos Marmaras, our destination. The peasants could see their village of Parthenon far away on the slopes above. They pointed it out to us, asked us to come and visit them and, when we were forced to decline, thanked us profusely for the wonderful favor we had done them. As usual, they had no idea of the help they had rendered me in trying to understand the economic significance to them of this annual trek to the plain to help with the harvest. When mechanization runs its full course and the bulk of the grain is harvested by combines, these people will face the problem that now confronts many thousands of village families in the mountains bordering Thessaly where their services are no longer needed.

Social change is inevitable in the face of an ever-expanding industrial revolution that reaches even to the isolated mountain valleys of ancient Greece. We can only hope that along with the spread of mechanization there will be imaginative social policies to keep man the master rather than the victim of the machine, taking into account the inevitable shifts in type of labor and sources of income in areas where hand labor is no longer needed. The peasants of Greece, with their readiness to tackle whatever is new, would be the last to want to turn back the clock, but they do have a right to wonder where they are to get their bread.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Transhumance in the Peloponnesos

We were on our way to Tripolis, the chief interior city of the Peloponnesos. Earlier we had crossed the Corinth Canal, had stopped for gas at Corinth, and gone on to Argos, perhaps the most ancient city of Greece. Oranges were ripe on the trees in the square around the cathedral, where buses pulled up to let their through passengers have a bite to eat. Turkeys and chickens tied by the leg to the top of the bus gobbled and squawked intermittently, but long ago had ceased to struggle for freedom. Leaving Argos, we had begun the long winding climb that eventually brought us to a mountain-top view of the blue Gulf of Argos and of the small port city of Nauplion across the way beneath a fortress-topped summit. As always in Greece, the shifting light gave a magic cast to the hills whose eroded sides revealed a rainbow of color, to the brown cultivated fields below, and to the brilliant iridescent water. Such landscapes, ethereal in quality, are the paths into another world, where the legendary universe of Homer seems to have flowed into the pastoral existence of Greek shepherd families today. Suddenly, that life teemed about us.

The sheep were rounding the same curve as we were, but in the opposite direction — hundreds of them pushing and shoving and terrified at the sight of a noisy, shiny automobile. We quickly pulled to the side and parked. The shepherds whistled and called, brandishing their long crooks until they finally got the huge flock of sheep and goats past us. Having encountered and met this emergency, the shepherds were ready for a cigarette and a short chat. They were from the village of Valtetsi, a few miles beyond Tripolis, up in the mountains, and were headed with their flocks and families for Kranidi, approximately twenty-five miles below Nauplion. We learned that they were following the practice geographers call *transhumance*,[3] or the moving of the herds, as the seasons change, from a summer to a winter pasture, particularly from mountain to lowland grazing. These were not nomads in an endless round of movement on schedule from one good grassland to another. These people from Valtetsi had left their village of solid stone houses, where they spend approximately half of the year, for a definite location along a coastal plain where they were to spend the other half of the year.[4]

The shepherds to whom we talked represented five families traveling together. Each family had from one hundred to one hundred fifty sheep, its major source of sustenance and income; women and children accompanied the men and animals as a whole family. The trip from Valtetsi to Kranidi took eight days of slow travel. On this trek and at its lowland site each family managed its own affairs, with the father in charge.[5] There was no cooperative arrangement of a chief shepherd which I was to find later on in a journey to Northern Greece — simply a movement of parents and

1:Sanders Z-5H (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos
[Shepherds]

children, pots and pans, donkeys, and a few articles of clothing left them after destruction of their village by the Communist guerrillas several years earlier.

A later April day found us again in Tripolis. On the road we had once more been encountering flocks from Valtetsi, but this time they were headed up toward home. Fortunately, Stephanos Agriopoulos, our favorite waiter in the Reed Restaurant, had relatives in Valtetsi and was eager to take us there. We left the main highway at the new tuberculosis hospital, turning toward the mountains on our right. The road was barely passable, evidently the mere widening of a sheep track winding in and out but always up, along the edges of dry, bone dry, ravines. Now and then one of us had to get out to shove a rock from the road. En route Stephanos told us much about the people and the hard economic struggle they were facing. The road became less rocky as we neared the village. There were small fields, brilliant green, with trees along the edges. The trees stood tall around the school and church, the center of the village, where their spring freshness and sturdiness cast a sort of tender protection over the ruined stone houses that were Valtetsi. It was only after we let the people unburden themselves of their more immediate troubles, such as rebuilding their houses, that we could turn to a description of their customary semiannual migration with their flocks.

Valtetsi, with its one hundred eighty families, had not suffered under the German occupation as had so many other Greek villages. Completely off any reasonable facsimile of a road, it was not visited by the invaders; but for this very reason it was frequented by the Communist guerrillas in the 1940s as they struggled for control of Greece. The Communist leaders repeatedly tried to persuade the people to join their side, but the Valtetsi residents refused. In anger at this refusal and with the words, "if you are not for us, you are against us," the Communists descended upon the village one day and killed about one hundred people, mostly men. They burned most of the houses and took the women and children off with them. Each man to whom we talked had some personal tragedy to relate and could show us the name of some close relative or friend on the marble monument by the church erected in honor of these victims of the Communist guerrillas. As a constant reminder of that terrible day, the houses still stood in ruins — six years later. We went from house to house and found that through lack of lumber the second stories had not been built back, nor had there been tile available for the roofs. Many of the families were holed in, as it were, on the first floor, pretty much exposed to the elements during the six months of their sojourn "at home." Yet the people were friendly, glad to see us. Their mobile faces were alive. They smiled easily, were full of curiosity, and bubbled with wit. The state of dilapidation was even more noticeable when the village secretary and president, in order to give us a drink of ouzo "for the road," had to ferret out a bottle and a few

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos

chipped glasses from the dark basement of a roofless building which was serving as the office of the village council.

Around the Valtetsi school that morning were children curious about the strange adults, the car, and the ten-year-old American boy and the twelve-year-old English-speaking Greek boy in our party, who quickly established contact and were soon surrounded. Questions and answers about the children came naturally. When we talked to the two teachers, we began to see what migration meant to these shepherd children. The school year starts in September with everyone enrolled, but by December 1 the youngsters have all set off with their families on the seven- to ten-day tramp below. St. Demetrios' Day (October 28) is the traditional date for departure, and St. George's Day (April 23) is the date for the return. Nevertheless, school opens again on March 1. This year (1953) four pupils had been present then; a week later ten showed up; at the time of our visit business was picking up even more and before long would reach the expected 104 enrollment. Classes would continue to August 15, with only a small break before the September registration occurred.

During the winter pasturing, the children attend no school but help with the flocks as much as they can. We had often during the winter months seen these solitary shepherd children as we drove along a lowland road. As they stood motionless when our car approached, with the sheep and the goats climbing around them, their faded shapeless clothing melting into the barren hillside, they looked neither frightened nor submissive and were quick to respond to a wave or a greeting. Later on, I asked the men with whom I was talking where most of the children were born, in Valtetsi or down below. One of them replied, much to the merriment of his fellows, "They are usually born here, for it's here that the heat wave starts." One man, the proud father of nine, said that all of his had been born in Valtetsi, although each knew of occasions when a child had arrived on the roadside without the ministrations of even a midwife. We asked young and old alike in Valtetsi and elsewhere what the children thought of this semiannual change. All agreed that such a life was hard on children and that many of them dreaded the long march, but that there was no other livelihood open to their parents.

Since Valtetsi is at an altitude of 3360 feet, its hillsides are too exposed to make the pasturing of many sheep possible; in the winter months, removal to the plains below is therefore the only course of action open to the livestock owner. The families owning goats leave first, since the goats cannot stand the cold and they bear young earlier than do the sheep. Here in Valtetsi, the men pointed out, most of the pastures were communally owned and cost the people nothing; but down below each family had to contract with some peasant proprietor or commune for sufficient pasture for his flock, which now averages about 100 sheep in contrast to the 400

Vlachs EH15
1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos
Sara Katsani EH14

do not go far toward meeting the basic economic issues faced by the shepherd today.

As we talked with these shepherds, all of them dressed shabbily in patched trousers and coats and none of them in the traditional white tilt (*foustanella*), I realized again the inexorable push of social change. Americans by the hundreds in Greece were diligently and intelligently teaching Greek farmers how to improve their agricultural methods, how to make use of fallow land without losing its fertility, and even encouraging the plains farmers to keep more sheep or cows of their own for milk production. But to the degree that these sensible, reasoned programs succeed, to that extent the shepherds of the mountain villages face what we call in impersonal terms "occupational displacement."

These were my thoughts as I reflected on the experience of my acquaintances in Valtetsi and the shepherds from other Peloponnesian villages with whom I talked at many roadside stops. As background for their hesitant but sincere discussion of their problems is the recollection of the natural setting for our conversations: the brilliant bloom of wild flowers, the blue flax blossoms, the tender new green of the mulberry trees, the leaves pushing out from the gray fig trees standing in terraces on the mountainside, and the vineyards and olive groves stretching out far below, with the shimmering indigo sea off in the distance. Close at hand the earth looked sony and inhospitable to growing things, but always at a little distance the springtime colors caught the eye and made one glad to be in Greece. Now and then I found the shepherds themselves appreciatively viewing the scene around them while keeping a careful watch over their dusty, weary sheep which still had many miles ahead before reaching the succulent summer pastures. I had a feeling that these men on the move would be the first to agree that transhumance in the Peloponnesos, though beset with many problems and facing a clouded future, still had its compensations in the serene beauty of the land through which they walked.

The "Nomads" of Epirus

I had no idea when I left the Peloponnesos and its sheep-filled roads that a month later I would be encountering the same kind of migration in Epirus, the rugged and legendary northwestern province of Greece.

There was one important difference between the shepherds whom I met in Epirus and those in the Peloponnesos. The latter, such as the people of Valtetsi, had been bona fide Greek rancher-peasants who just happened to live in mountain villages where transhumance was their basic adaptation to their environment. In Epirus the shepherds were "nomads," who from time immemorial have made their circuits through Albania, what is now Yugoslavia, southern Bulgaria, and Northern Greece.[3] They dress differently from the Greeks; their dwellings are very different; and some of them

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Sarakatsani EH14

This was the cue for us to go outside and watch one of the girls weave on a loom set in a hole about two feet deep and covered with reeds at a height enabling the girl to crawl in for protection from the sun and weather. There in her little foxhole she shuttled away merrily, eagerly and proudly displaying her technique on the narrow brightly figured belt she was weaving. The knowledge that she must get together a big dowry of woven goods before she marries keeps her constantly working. She seemed to experience a certain sense of creativity, both in the pattern she evolved and in the finished product. At least, she had a skill that in the minds of the Sarakatsani set her off from the Karagouni.

Before we left, we talked to Konstantin again. "What is it like up in Kato-Pethini?" we wondered. He told us that a few families still stayed there the year around. Often in the case of a large family the mother and children might stay below near the fields while the shepherd would take his eldest daughter up above to do his cooking and help with the sheep. Konstantin was a hired shepherd of the president of the village council up above, but he hoped some day to have a flock of his own.

This tendency of the Sarakatsani to turn to agriculture when land becomes available was evident in several places. An added incentive to settling may be the emphasis they have long placed upon education for their children. Earlier I had read accounts of large family groups of Sarakatsani of their own accord employing teachers to accompany them on their summer migrations so that the children would not be disadvantaged. When I was in the Lake Prespa area, where Greece, Albania, and Yugoslavia come together, I learned from one of the junior Greek officers there that the Sarakatsani from St. Germanos, who practice transhumance, hire a teacher with their own funds to tutor their children while the regular school is not in session. For such people any visitor who looks even a little beneath the surface of their lives must feel a sense of amazement and respect. Down to what urban Westerners would term the barest level of existence — tiny dirt-floored reed huts, incessant work, and unceasing vigilance — like our early settlers on the edge of Indian territory, they show wit, intelligence, adaptability, and the desire for education, as well as a half-humorous detachment about the difficulties of their life. Fatigue, and a wish for better things are apparent; but bitterness and complaining are not.

One of the most enlightening and entertaining sessions on shepherd life in general took place in the office of George Sakellopoulos, the agricultural director for Epirus. This was in Ioannina, the picturesque provincial capital city. When the director learned of my interest in the nomads, he called together Nicos Mitrocostas, the president of the local shepherd's union, Leander Xenos, an agricultural-extension worker, and Christos Berates, a chief shepherd whose flocks were then passing through Ioannina on their way north.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Sara Katsani EH14..
Vlachs EH15

On the credit side, one must reckon 5 to 7 okas of milk each year from the producing animals for family consumption, with some of this being worked into cheese. The family also has a supply of meat from the flock. But the greatest gain is a 15 percent annual increase in the flock that the owner can expect even if he sells the lambs listed in the table of income; this means that a year later the flock of 700 should number 805, barring serious diseases or natural disasters.

Some of the discussions revealed further interesting facts: winter pasture costs 50 drachmas per animal in winter and 20 in summer; a sheep needs more than one oka of salt each year; the chief shepherd, when he goes on business trips to arrange for the sale of his milk or lambs or to hire shepherds, travels by bus, sleeps in a hotel, eats in restaurants, and thinks of himself as a businessman; there is a small tax per oka of milk which is paid to the winter community by the "grocer," who buys the milk.

What was to have been a short conference beginning at five in the late afternoon extended to nine o'clock without a moment's let-up. There was much loud talking, which would lead a stranger to expect a fight the next minute; but then someone would make a humorous remark at which everyone would laugh. Use of pantomime, modulated voice control, appeal to the neutral listener to agree to the case one was presenting, humor, and willingness to follow an argument to its logical conclusion — all made one think of the agora of classic Athens transferred to a dimly lit, modestly furnished upstairs office of a gentle, well-informed government bureaucrat. And just at the crescendo of what seemed to be the verbal prelude to physical violence, the words "symphonia, symphonia" would ring out, thus showing that agreement had been reached. Voices and feelings would calm down for a while, before some new dramatic moment would build up again. Berates, the Karagoun, sat more quietly than the rest but seemed to enjoy the session just as much.

As we parted in the dark streets of Ioannina, where Turkish architecture with its balconies and minarets in the moonlight makes one suddenly feel very much a part of the East, Christos Berates agreed to visit us late on the next day in Konitsa and take us out to his night encampment.

In the time intervening, through the courtesy of the director of agriculture, I had an opportunity to read the classic Greek work on the nomads, published in 1925 as a bulletin of the Greek Agricultural Society under the title of *Nomadic, Permanent and Agricultural Livestock Production in Greece*.[11] It was most encouraging to find that the observations I had made corresponded as far as they went to those of the author, Demosthenes Sirakes. Needless to say, he provided many more details than I could have collected in the time at my disposal.

For one thing, he estimated the nomad livestock owners in 1925 at 13,700 families, divided as follows:

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1:Sanders Z-5/4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

reveal only some of the traits of the husband-wife relationship in rural Greece. It is equally important to see how this partnership operates day by day, season by season, year by year, for it is in the sharing of a common life, with its hardships and flashing joys, that this companionship based on mutual respect is fashioned. Great is the wife's satisfaction if her husband is considered a good provider. If he is, people say: "Tes dinei tou poulíou to gala" (He brings the bird's milk to her), or "Kai tou pouliou to gala echei" (She even has the milk of the bird). Such phrases go back to the practice of serving eggs beaten in milk to the sick, thereby showing that good care is being taken.

The wife, in addition to watching her own behavior toward her husband, is also responsible for seeing that the children are respectful. The lessons learned in the younger years tends to persist through adolescence into adulthood. Once while sitting at a meal in a Greek home I noticed the young man leave the table. Curious about his exit, I asked: "Where is Petros going?" The father, with a pleased look on his face, said: "He is going out to smoke a cigarette. He does not smoke in front of me." And wherever I went I asked young men singly or in groups whether or not they smoked in the presence of their fathers and found only a small fraction that broke this taboo. To be sure, in some villages and in some homes the young man no longer takes a trek outside if he wants a smoke, but he knows he is going against an old established custom. In one group of nineteen young men, for instance, only three said they would smoke in front of their fathers; in another group of twenty-eight, again only three said they would do so.

The son also shows respect for his father by not going to the same coffeehouse where his father is or is apt to go, but there are regional variations. In villages of the Pelion (near Volos, Thessaly) a man may take his son or even his wife to the coffeehouse, but in the words of the commandant of gendarmerie there "they may act this way near Volos but in my village in Boeotia it would be a great shame if the father and his son were in the same coffeehouse, and no woman would think of entering." As a general rule, even fewer of the young men would accompany their fathers to a coffeehouse than would smoke in their presence. In some of the smaller villages the people say that they do not have enough cafés and so the possibility of the two generations staying apart is not very great.

But on every hand there are signs that the formal etiquette governing respect is breaking down. One well-informed official near Salonica said, "The basic Greek tradition of showing respect for elders is weakening. Now you see boys teaching their fathers how to play backgammon and cards. In the United States you would think this fine but over here our system is patriarchal, and the young American starts life outside the home at an earlier age." A folklorist pointed out that in the past the reverence for Greek customs was looked on as necessary for national survival, especially under the Turks and when people were isolated.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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To cure terrific abdominal pains, or "twisting the navel":

The constant pains and vomiting are said to be due to the untwisting of the navel. If the patient is to recover, his navel must be retwisted. Only a few people know how to do this. The one effecting the cure presses the navel with the index finger of his right hand, holds it firmly and starts walking around the patient. As he turns around he halts — at the head, at the feet, and at each side. He goes around like this seven or eight times and the patient recovers. (Aetolia and Arcadia)

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Only special women can do this. The one who helps puts a rag around her finger, twists the navel several times until she feels it catch. Then she withdraws her finger and puts a compress on the navel: This compress is composed of blue paper into which some incense melted in *mastika* has been placed. (Spetsai)

Even though some of these practices are restricted to particular regions of Greece, and are carried out by only a few people in a given village, they do constitute a folk approach to healing. But there is one important belief, general throughout Greece, which is associated with illness: the Evil Eye. In one family, in a village near the town of Thebes, some of the members wore amulets which the priest had blessed and into which communion bread had been sewed. Elsewhere in Greece I saw amulets containing splinters of holy wood or earth from Jerusalem, worn around the neck. The women in explaining the Evil Eye said that one cannot always tell who casts the Evil Eye, but that there are some people in the village suspected of doing this and that they are to be avoided or else watched carefully.

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If a child is believed to be under the spell (that is, shivers and does not feel well), the person suspected can be brought before the child and asked to spit three times to get rid of the curse, or the child can be taken to the priest who reads a blessing. Perhaps the cure thought most efficacious is a secret formula which an older woman passes on to a younger one with the instructions that it is never to be improperly revealed. Not all village women know the formula but only those who have been particularly selected by the wise women, or an older relative, for this purpose. In this village home, the women after much whispered discussion, decided details of the formula would do no harm since we were outsiders and would be leaving soon. Here are the basic elements:

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Christ and the Virgin Mary
Passed through a crossroad;
They spread their golden apron
And ate. Crumbs fell on the apron.
They took those crumbs
And tossed them into the sea.
The sea waters were stirred up
And man was cured.

1:Sanders Z-5,1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

755 But again we asked, "How can you be sure that the Evil Eye is the cause of the trouble?" "One can be sure," we were told, "if you take a pan of cold water to a high place, break an egg into it, and notice whether the egg cakes or not. If it does, the child has the Evil Eye but will get well. Or one can drop the coals from the wood of a thorn tree into the pan and, if the coals turn over, one knows that the evil will turn over and the boy will get well. We then sprinkle the water from this pan onto the child." This is one time when the incantation is surely used.

Chrysoula, a wise woman of Spetsai, gave me further information about the Evil Eye that was similar in essentials but differed in details. She said [753] that when her young granddaughter comes back from a walk and is restless and nervous, it is clear that an Evil Eye has been cast, in which case one must test to be sure. To do this, Chrysoula takes the *kanteli* (little oil lamp) from the household shrine and gets a glass of water. She picks up the child, makes the sign of the cross over her three times and then crosses the water three times. After that she dips her fingers into the kanteli and lets one, two, or three drops of oil fall into the glass of water. If the oil spreads or mixes with the water, the child has the Evil Eye; if the drops remain as oil drops and do not mix, then the child is not suffering from the spell. Should it be the Evil Eye, one crosses the child with the water on the lips or forehead and whispers words from the gospel or gives special prayers. [124] But unlike our informants in the village near Thebes, Chrysoula refused to tell us the text of the special prayer because she said she would lose her power; she did say, however, that if she were away from her village she could repeat it. Yet she was ready to fill in many other details.

754 To find out who cast the Evil Eye in a particular case, according to 755 Chrysoula, one gives cloves to three suspected persons with the request that each in turn toss them into the fire. The one whose cloves pop is the one who cast the Evil Eye. There is another way: one can drop three pieces of charcoal into a glass of water, and if any piece floats then the person represented by that piece of charcoal, whether present or not, is said to have cast the Evil Eye. The same procedure was commonly used in Aetolia.

[826] There are also other ways of knowing. People whose eyebrows meet together or those with green eyes can cast an Evil Eye. Even a mother, if she does not take proper precautions, can cast the spell on her own child. Chry- [751] soula told about a relation of hers who looked at her sleeping baby and [827] said, "my, what a nice baby you are!" and failed to spit on it as a guard against the Evil Eye. Four hours later the child spit up some froth and died. A person who learns that he has cast the Evil Eye, and this is often done quite unintentionally, can undo the spell by spitting three times on the neck of the person suffering if he spits without the sick person's knowledge.

869 The children of the home, whether supposed victims or not, cannot help
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1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

being busily involved in some work project of his own. At two o'clock Yannes planned to serve olives, onions, and bread with plenty of red resinated wine.

We could not stay much longer with the potato diggers, for we still had to carry our greetings to the village farther on. But a few days later I did return to Neochori and went to Yannes' home to find out who had been invited and why. In some ways this visit proved even more interesting than the sojourn in the potato field. The men were all away from the house; so Yannes' wife invited us into the square room which served as the center of family life. We sat around a table and began to list the twenty-five men and the eighteen women who had been a part of the mutual-aid group. Soon we saw neighboring women peering at us through the open window; then they moved on around to the door where they could hear better what we were talking about. News of our arrival must have spread like magic, for before we completed our list the room was full of women — some sitting on the beds along the wall, but several standing in order to observe more minutely everything that was going on. It was out of the question to interview the wife confidentially about why she invited some women and not others. As a matter of fact, two or three women had already taken it upon themselves to answer every question put to Yannes' wife, so that she was simply nodding in assent to what they said.

In no time at all, with the help of the most vocal members of the group, we had listed the relationship of each potato worker to Yannes and his wife. A later count of this information showed that, after we excluded Yannes, the commission merchant, and his one helper from outside, only six of the twenty-two remaining men were unrelated to Yannes. Each of these six persons was a neighbor. Of the seventeen women invited (excluding Yannes' wife), all but four were related to Yannes, but four were neighbors. Thus it was evident that family considerations and neighboring played a significant part, even to the point that some relatives who were not good workers were invited "because they were relatives." In other words, family values rather than economic values, such as efficiency, came into play.

We had noted that many of the women in the potato field were in their late teens or early twenties and found that they were preferred to the middle-aged women who are, of course, not excluded. Perhaps the younger ones have stronger backs and have no grounds for refusing if their father or husband tells them to go and help. Although a man is preferred for this kind of work, there would be no ill feeling if Yannes repaid some man who helped him by sending one of the women in his household. "We don't keep such close count that such a substitution bothers us" was the way one woman reacted.

In the course of our crowded group interview we learned that women

1:Sanders Z-5,N (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

244 476 578 issuing invitations usually avoid other women with whom they have had a recent quarrel, although they do not hesitate to invite two women on good terms with the hostess but not on good terms with each other. These women can usually stay far enough apart in such a large group that they do not have to associate with each other or air their differences. Men are said to be less inclined to let previous disagreements affect their invitations, even inviting those with whom they may have sharp differences. Their main concern is to get the job done. Just the same, they rely chiefly upon relatives and neighbors. The women in Yannes' living room all agreed that there was no one in the village who had the reputation for not paying back the work that others had contributed, which shows the seriousness with which this obligation is assumed and discharged.

● 124 But no interview in a Greek village is a one-sided affair. The visitor has to answer questions if he has asked them. Never have I heard questions fly quicker and faster than on this visit to Neochori when the women sensed that I had finished my inquiry about potato diggers. My interpreter was quizzed about her life in Athens, where she got her clothes, how she had learned to drive a car, and about members of her family. I was asked about my income in America, what kind of kitchen my wife had, and about many details which she could have answered much better than I if she had been able to accompany us up from Athens on that particular afternoon. This [181] occasion showed that when the Greek villagers began to express themselves on their home ground, in a familiar setting, they stood out as inquisitive, interesting personalities who shared many of the same concerns as fellow human beings in other countries despite their noticeable differences of dress, speech, and other cultural manifestations.

000 In driving back to Athens we had to pass the same potato field which had been the cause of this excursion. I thought at the time that a study, at a later date, of changes in the mutual-aid groups would tell much about changes in Greek life in general. Will mechanization eliminate the necessity of group harvesting? Will economic considerations so rule a later day that Yannes will invite only efficient workers from throughout the village, or will he continue to use relatives and neighbors because of his close social bonds with them?

Traditional Patterns of Mutual Aid

476 539 Throughout rural Greece one finds many examples of mutual aid. Even proverbs attest to the value of cooperation: "bean by bean the bag is filled"; "many streams make up the river"; "many stones knock down the walnut." Union in strength is stressed as well: "where there are many, God's blessing"; "where there are many, many riches"; "the many are the ones who will take Constantinople."

It is understood, too, that each party will live up to his end of the bar-

1:Sanders Z-5# (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

474 [652] get a cooperative, we will have to wait a year to get a loan approved, and by that time we will have no need for the money." They thought that from 12 to 14 percent would be the customary interest charges set by the cooperative and the Bank and also assumed that security requirements would be very high.

[249] [664] [124] Peasants in the tobacco-growing areas in Northern Greece appreciated the fact that cooperatives there tried to introduce mechanization and also, from time to time, did some lobbying in their behalf. When in 1953 we asked the commandant of gendarmerie for Volos, who was in close touch with the villagers, about their views toward cooperatives he replied: "With the occupation and the war the cooperative conscience more or less disappeared. Now it is reviving and if things go normally there will be quick improvement. One reason for the difficulty is the effort by the government to mix politics in with the cooperative movement. Now the cooperatives undertake no teaching function. They did this before the war, which partially explained what success they achieved. Before the war, if a person wanted to be on the council of the cooperative, he had to go through special training. [654] The authorities say that they will do this again, but the Ministry of Agriculture is centering its teaching approach in the newly formed Agro Clubs."

He thought that in his area about 60 percent of the cooperatives were working and that 40 percent were either anemic or altogether defunct. [241] Around Volos the producers' and marketing cooperatives organized on a commodity basis — vegetables, dairy, fruit, olives — worked better than the general-purpose or purely credit type. Very often, he pointed out, the relationship between the local cooperative and the representatives of the Agricultural Bank is strained, for the local council will give inaccurate information to the Bank, saying that a would-be borrower has twelve acres of land when he really has only five. [652]

474 178 [621] One of the most interesting examples of the blending of traditional and modern mutual-aid practices was found in Kalivi, a village of about 2500 in Attica. This village owned some pasture land. In 1914 it formed a committee which took charge of the management of this community land, deriving revenues for the community. In 1920 there was talk of organizing a cooperative, but it did not really get under way until 1926, at which time the village pasture land was turned over to the cooperative which superseded the former committee. Thus, the transition from the older social form [652] to the cooperative went smoothly. The Agricultural Bank had helped the local people decide what was the best kind of cooperative organization for their purposes. They decided that membership should be compulsory for all family heads. In 1928 the cooperative acquired a threshing machine with [243] the funds obtained from the pasture land. This machine as well as newer ones were in use when I visited the village near the middle of June 1953. [293] [751] Organized pandemonium seemed to reign as new loads of wheat sheaves

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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Notes

Chapter I. The People of Greece

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1. This version of the legend was told by an old shepherd to a hunting party which had taken refuge in his hut from a storm brewing over Lake Stymphalia in the northern Peloponnesos. Mrs. Bessie Adossides, who served as my interpreter, had been in the party and told the story to me. For a less colorful version, see A. W. Gomme, *Greece* (London, 1945), p. 11. [124]

2. A prominent subgrouping running through these three divisions is that of the Asia Minor and other refugees who were settled in Greece in the 1920s. Also, divisions among the city Greeks appeared following the French Revolution, when commercial opportunities opened up, creating a new merchant bourgeoisie in contrast to the "old patriarchal class whose members were the political administrators of the Sublime Porte and whose strength lay in landed wealth and special prerogatives." See S. G. Chaconas, *Adamantios Korais: A Study in Greek Nationalism* (New York, 1942), p. 38. [563] [441] [565]

3. S. Manolas, in a personal conversation, pointed out three factors accounting for the settlement in cities of Greeks coming to America: as "late" immigrants, there was little land available to them for homesteading; they came over individually — not as families — and could not run a farm; they were not here to work the land, for Greece was still their home. They wanted to make money and go back, staying on here to take care of "one more dowry, one more acre to buy." For many, time ran out and they did not go back. To these one might also add the Greek's unfamiliarity with the mechanized agriculture found in the United States and the greater ease with which he found employment in the cities.

4. This point of view is borne out in an article by Anton-Hermann Chroust, "Treason and Patriotism in Ancient Greece," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, April 1954: "The democrats, like the oligarchs, bore their native city a quite strange kind of love: the desire to dominate it completely and, if necessary, to exterminate their political antagonists. . . . It would be difficult, indeed, to find a prominent Athenian politician, irrespective of his political persuasion, whose public actions were not motivated by partisanship or loyalty to some faction or club within the city rather than by true patriotism," p. 287.

5. The books dealing with the history of Albania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Rumania usually discuss the role of the Greek clergy in the spread of Greek culture. As one example, see N. Forbes and others, *The Balkans: A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey* (Oxford, 1915).

6. A good characterization of the city Greek by Dorothy Lee appears in Margaret Mead, ed., *Cultural Patterns and Technical Change* (Paris, UNESCO, 1953), p. 79: "The city Greeks consider themselves very different from the peasants. There is a vogue for peasant handicrafts but not for peasant attitudes. Urban Greeks like to take on the ways of foreigners, to use the products of technology, even the processed foods of technology. Many French and English words are used in their speech. [114]

1:Sanders Z-5,1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Turks do not receive dowries from their brides but have to pay a deposit in advance for the wife-to-be. When a divorce occurs, the wife's family keeps the money if the man is to blame, but is supposed to give the money to the man or his family if the woman is to blame.

2. See "Women in Greece Demand Equality," *New York Times*, August 22, 1954. Some indication of the changing status of women, particularly in the cities, is found in the periodical *Hellenis: The Voice of Greek Women*, published in English in Athens by four of the leading women's organizations: National Council of Greek Women, Lyceum Club of Greek Women, Hellenic Association of University Women, and Hellenic Girl Guides Association. Also see Panos D. Bardis, "The Changing Family in Modern Greece," *Sociology and Social Research*, XL (1955), 19–23.

3. See K. M. Kalyves, *Laographika Kymes Euboias* (Concerning the Folklore of Kyme, Euboea) (Athens, 1938).

4. Occipital flattening occurs in Epirus. This shape is not particularly sought, according to informants in Ioannina, the provincial capital, but results because the Epirote mother does not take the time to change the child from side to side so that the different parts of the head press against the cradle board. They go about their work and leave the child to cry for hours. Epirote men also seem to prefer the type of haircut that accentuates their particular headshape. It was interesting to find that many educated Greeks in Athens thought the Epirote head an inherited biological trait and not the result of child-care practice.

5. D. Lee, "Greece," in *Cultural Patterns and Technical Change* (Paris, 1953), p. 87 (Mentor edition).

6. UNRRA, *Greece: Ripe for Improvement* (Washington, D.C., 1946), p. 10.

7. Z. D. Ferriman, *Home Life in Hellas: Greece and the Greeks* (London, 1910), pp. 181–82.

8. Kitsos A. Makres, *Pelionitikes Phoreseis* (Volos, 1949). He has made a special study of the art themes on the heads of shepherd crooks: ram's heads, dove feeding a snake, various sitting figures, to mention a few.

9. Angelique Hadjimihali, *L'Art populaire grec* (Athens, 1937). See also her article in the *Megale Hellenike Enkyklopaideia*, X (1934), 827–844.

10. See also D. Loukopoulos, *Pos hyphainoun kai dynontae oi Aitoloi* (How the Aetolians Weave and Dress) (Athens, 1927).

11. Throughout Greece there are various customs related to "feeding the fountain." Women may bring cheese, butter, bread, to leave at the fountain and say, "As the water runs, may animals and crops be abundant and prosperous."

12. Economic Cooperation Administration Mission to Greece, *The I.K.A. Insurance Population*, November 1951 (mimeographed).

13. J. C. Lawson, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion: A Study in Survivals* (Cambridge, Eng., 1910) p. 21.

14. D. Loukopoulos, "Symmikta laographika en Aitolias" (Collection of Folklore Materials about Aetolia), *Laographia*, XII (1938), 7–11, 47–61. The Spetsai materials came from personal interviews with Chrysoula.

15. Mutual Security Agency Mission to Greece, *Medical and Sanitary Data on Greece*, June 1952.

16. Ernestine Friedl, "Hospital Care in Provincial Greece," *Human Organization*, XVI (Winter 1958), p. 25.

17. *Ibid.*, 26.

Chapter VIII. Courtship and Marriage

1. K. M. Kalyves, *Laographika Kymes Euboias* (Concerning the Folklore of Kyme, Euboea) (Athens, 1938), pp 27–30.

2. Panos D. Bardis, "Main Features of the Greek Family During the Early Twentieth Century," *Alpha Kappa Deltan*, Winter 1956, p. 17. Indicative of this double standard is prostitution, which is found in the town or city, although no houses of

1:Sanders Z-5/4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

000 in his *In the Mountains of Greece*, has mentioned that he found only one village in the Peloponnesos which did not produce an English-speaking inhabitant.

2. These references are to John D. Photiadis, "The Coffee House and Its Role in the Village of Stavroupolis, Greece," (unpublished master's thesis, Cornell University, 1956) p. 41.

3. See Near East Foundation, *et al.*, village studies (Athens, 1951–52).

4. Photiadis, p. 42.

5. This description by Dorothy Lee will be found in Margaret Mead, ed., *Cultural Patterns and Technical Change* (Paris, 1953), pp. 60–61 (Mentor edition).

6. V. T. Valassis, "The Living Past and Technical Change," (unpublished master's thesis, University of Maryland, 1956), p. 16.

7. The reader familiar with contemporary social theory will quickly note the extent to which these observations derive from Emile Durkheim and those sociologists who work in his tradition.

8. Photiadis, p. 84.

9. From the village study by T. K. Papaspyropoulos, "Ta Laographika tes Kleitorias" (Concerning the Folklore of Kleitoria), unpublished manuscript.

Chapter XVI. Social Change in Rural Greece

1. The three types of social change used here are adapted from N. F. Washburne, *Interpreting Social Change in America* (Garden City, 1954).

2. See Stephen P. Ladas, *The Exchange of Minorities; Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey* (New York, 1939).

[124] 3. In almost every one of my hundreds of interviews during an eleven-month period in Greece, I touched on the topic of social change. In a country such as Greece, one cannot understand the present without a knowledge of what has changed. A summarizing chapter such as this cannot fully convey the deep emotional overtones surrounding the discussion of what it was like to flee as a child from Asia Minor, to have one's village occupied by an Axis army, or to experience the fury of Communist guerrillas on the run.

4. A. C. de Vooys and J. J. C. Piket, "A Geographical Analysis of Two Villages in the Peloponnesos," *Tijdschrift van het Koninklijk Nederlandsch Aardrijkskundig Genootschap*, LXXV (1958), 44–45.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 51.

6. This figure is much more favorable to the villagers than that prevailing between the two world wars. In the Balkans generally during that time, the proportion of peasants was higher and their share of the total national income lower than the figures here cited in the text.

7. Ernestine Friedl, "The Role of Kinship in the Transmission of National Culture to Rural Villages in Mainland Greece," *The American Anthropologist*, LXI (1959), 31.

8. An excellent though brief description of some of the most important programs of planned social change in rural Greece through the 1950s is found in the mimeographed paper entitled "Community Development Programs and Policies in Greece," prepared for the Eastern Mediterranean Study Tour on Community Development (Athens, 1955). Among other things, it tells of the merger into a Small Common Utility Projects program of four previous programs: the Agricultural Land Improvement Program, the Small Sanitary Projects Program, the Relief through Employment Program (under the Ministry of Welfare), and the Small Community Projects Program (under the Ministry of Interior). The third program particularly has created much international interest. See Glen Leet, "Greece Finds One Key to Development," *United Nations Bulletin*, X (1951); Paul H. Guenault and Howard W. Beers, *Community Development Programmes in Greece with Special Consideration of Welfare Through Employment* (New York, United Nations, 1953).

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1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

through internal dissensions with the government group, which came to light a week or two later on the replacement of the Minister of Interior among others and the secession of the Markezines group. It was a question of removal of antipatronage elements. The dismissals were legally contested, and subsequently several of the career nomarchs were restored to office. In late 1955 the reorganized government partly introduced legislation again re-establishing the career nomarchs.[11]

Whenever I found peasants complaining about their government, I asked them to list for me what services they received from outside the village. One of the men who had been complaining most vociferously in a Theban village was somewhat startled at this request, especially after he had delivered himself of such eloquent sentiments as: "People in Athens live in paradise; here in our village they live in hell. The Athenians consider us slaves to work so they can eat." But he put his mind to the problem and said:

What do we receive from outside? Well, our priest is paid by the government although we contribute something to the archbishop's funds; our teacher is paid by the government and they gave us a little for our school building, but we gave the materials and the labor. As for our roads, the villagers give their labor, break the rocks and put them in place, and then beg the government to help complete the road with machinery. The government engineer will come and supervise.

Our field policeman, who watches to see that animals do not get into the growing crops, is paid from an independent treasury; our gendarmes are paid by the central government.

The government does not provide us with medical care, for we have an arrangement [*kondoia*] whereby any family agrees to give forty-four okas of wheat to the doctor, and he comes when called during the year. This does not include the cost of medicine. If you are not in this system, you pay for each visit. We have had this system a long time; it is deeply rooted. We used to pay our priest the same way, giving him twenty-two okas of wheat per family before the government took over his pay.

In this village, as elsewhere, we got conflicting opinions about the quality and usefulness of service rendered by the government, but there was a growing awareness that such services were available through the national government.

Once, on a return trip from Northern Greece to Athens, while we were having coffee in Levadeia in Central Greece, the commandant of gendarmes for that area asked if his wife and he might ride with us to Thebes. During the drive of less than an hour, we had a lively conversation on many points. I asked him about the young policemen or gendarmes whom we found in every village and town. He said that most of them were fulfilling their military service, although as gendarmes they have to do a three-year rather

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Without the willingness of literally hundreds of people in Greece to answer questions and search their records on my behalf, this little book could not have been written. The warmth and extravagant hospitality with which Greeks of every rank and station receive a stranger is, indeed, a source of never ending surprise to one accustomed to the atmosphere of an American city, and I wish hereby to thank all those, both friends and casual acquaintances, who thus contributed to my knowledge and understanding of the Greek scene.

More particularly, I owe a debt of gratitude to a number of busy officials of the Greek government who took time to talk with me, and more than once set wheels in motion to provide statistics and other special information I requested of them. In Salonika, Mr. Orphanides of the Agricultural Bank, and in Athens Mr. Leviratos of the Ministry of Coordination and Mr. Liakis of the National Statistical Services were especially helpful.

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